rill among the flowering grasses," to bathe there " beneath a little cascade to the sound of murmuring water/' he tells of what Tahiti offers to any ‘lover' yet.

Calderon's last chapter is in itself an epitome of the whole story. There is the old man using what the scholar thought to be an ancient Polynesian word, but which turns out to be a corruption, its origin long since forgotten, of an English expression ; there is the Protestant pastor cursing the Roman Catholics; there is an early cinematograph that was ‘pandemonium '; and yet there was Amaru and his wife and friends, come in from the country to say good-bye with tears, to offer the last coconut and pick flamboyant pods for the children—all in a page and a half. And set down below are two verses from a Tahitian song which I shall not quote for they really do not bear translation. But in them murmurs the wind and the drops of rain, in them is the scent of the

island lily
and the thunder of the waves in the
pass, and in
them is the burden of lament, age-long,
unreproach-
ful but heart-broken, of lover to lover
who will
never return.